JEFFERSON'S WEITINGS—Third Volume.—The third valume of the writings of Thomas Jefferson we have received from the publishers, Riker, Thomas & Co., of this city. This is the edition of Jefferson's works published by order of the joint committee of Congress on the Library—edited by Professor H. A. Washington, of Virginia. The whole collection, is is understood, will extend to nine or ten volumes, and will form a most valuable acquisition to American political history. The volumes are transcribed from the original manuscripts purchased by Congress from the heirs of Mr. Jefferson, and deposited in the Department of State, as we stated in our notice of the former volumes.

The volume before us contains a highly interesting portion of Mr. Jefferson's correspondence, namely, the letters written by him during the last few months of his residence in Paris in 1789, and subsequently, after his return to the United States,

quently, after his return to the United States, subsequently, after his return to the United States, during the same year, and while he acted as Secretary of State under Washington's administration. Many subjects of importance are discussed in these letters, showing Mr. Jefferson's views on measures of public policy at the organization of the federal government, as proposed by Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and others. The development of political parties at that time is also shown, and the views of Mr. Jefferson with regard to the leading characters. of Mr. Jefferson with regard to the leading charac-ters of the federal party which sustained the ad-ministration of Gen. Washington, with most of

ministration of Gen. Washington, with most of whom Jefferson disagreed.

Returning from his mission to France near the close of the year 1789, Mr. Jefferson found that he had been nominated by Washington as Secretary of State. He preferred to return to France as Minister, to taking a seat in the Cabinet; but after remaining three months in Virginia, he sacrificed his own inclinations to the wishes of the President, and remaind to New York to extend the inties of Secretary of the President of Secretary of the President of Secretary of the President of Secretary of the Inties of Secretary of the President of Secretary of the Inties of Secretary of the Interest of Secretary of Interest of Secretary of Interest of Secretary of Interest of Secretary of Interest mired to New York to enter on the duties of Secreary of State, the national government then being stablished in this city, and Congress then being in

catablished in this city, and Congress then being catablished in this city, and Congress then being in session here.

The following extract from a letter to his son-in-law, Mr. Randolph, shows the difficulty of a winter journey from Virginia to New York at that time, and the state of things in this city:—

Dran Sir:—I arrived here on the 21st inst., after as laborious a journey of a fortnight from Richmond, as I ever went through—resting only one day at Alexandria; and another as Baltimore. I found my carriage and horses at Alexandria; but a snow of eighteen inches deep failing the same night, I saw the impossibility of getting on in my own carriage—so left it there, to be sent to me by water, and had my horse led on to this place, taking my passage in the stage, though relieving myself a little sometimes by mounting my horse. The roads through the whole way were so bad that we could never go more than three miles an hour, sometimes not more than two, and in the night but one. My first object was to look out a bouse in the Broadway, if possible, as being in the centre of my business. Finding none there vacant for the present, I have taken a small one in Maiden lane, which may give me time to look about me. Much business had been put by for my arrival, so that I found myself all at once involved under an accumulation of it. When this shall be got through I will be able to judge whether the ordinary business of my department will leave me any business of my department will leave me any business of the first instance, but it is not extend it will hold its ground through all the changes of the bill when it shall be brought in.

Mr. Jefferson, soon after his arrival in New York, formed the outnion that a nortion of the federalists.

Mr. Jefferson, soon after his arrival in New York, primed the opinion that a portion of the federalists who were in power under General Washington, were monarchists in principle, and that all their measures tended to establish a strong national nment, and to render the State governments subordinate thereto. In the rank of monarchists among the federalists, he claused John Adams, Fisher Ames, and other New England federalists, as well as Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, Gouverneur Morris, and other federal leaders of the middle States. General Washington, Thomas Pinckney, Charles Colesworth Pinckney, and other Southern federalists, he considered as true republicans, although favorable to a strong national

sepublicans, although favorable to a strong national government. In a letter to Lafayette, dated in 1993, he says:—

While you are estimating the moneter aristocracy, and pulling out the teeth and fangs of its associate menarchy, a contrary tendency is discovered in some here. A sect has shown itself among us who define they espoused our new constitution not as a good and sufficient thing in itself, but only as a step on an English constitution, the only shing good and missient in itself, in their eye. It is happy for us that these are preachers without followers, and that cur people are firm and constant in their republican purity. You will wonder to be told that it is from the eartward chiefly that these champions for a king, lords, and commons, come. They get some lang, lords, and commons, come. They get some lang, lords, and commons, come. They get some langer than a secociates from New York, and are posted up by a tribe of Agioteurs which have been hatched in a bed of corruption made up after the model of their beloved England. Too many of these stock jobbers and king jobbers have come into our stock jobbers and king jobbers have come into our Legislature, (Gongress) or rather too many of our Legislature, have become stock jobbers and king-jobbers. However, the voice of the people is beginning to make itself heard, and will probably cleanse their seats at the ensuing election.

The most intimate friend and confidential correspondent of May 2000 and 1000 and 10

The most intimate friend and confidential correspondent of Mr. Jefferson was James Madison, who in Congress became the leader of the republican party opposed to Washington and Hamilton. In the summer of 1791, Jefferson and Madison made a tour to the Lakes, through Vermont. In a letter from Bennington, June 5, 1791, Mr. Jefferson

Mr. Madison and myself are so far on the tour was had projected. We have visited, in the course of it, the principal scenes of General Burgoyne's misfortunes, viz., the grounds at Stillwater, the encampment at Saratogs, and the ground where the British piled their arms, and the field of the battle of Bennington. We have also visited Forts William, Henry and George, Thouderags, Crown Point, &c., which have been scenes of blood from a very early part of our history. We were more pleased, however, with the botanical objects which continually presented themselves. Those either unknown or rare in Virginia were the sugar maple, in vast abundance, the silver fir, white pine, pitch pine, junipor, an aralea very different from the undifors, with very large clusters of flowers, more thickly set on the branches, of a deeper red, and high pink fragrance. It is the richest shrub I have seen. The homey-suckle of the gardens growing wild on the banks of lake George, a wild gouseberry, the wild cherry with single fruit, and strawberries in abundance. From the Highlands to the lakes it is a limestone country. The Sandy Hills Palls and Wings Palls, two very remarkable cataracts of the Hudson, of about thirty-five or forty feet each, between Fort Edward and Fort George, are of limestone. Those of the Cohoes, on the west side of the Hudson, and of seventy feet height, we thought not of limestone. We have now got over about four hundred miles of our tour, and have still about four hundred and fifty miles to go over. Arriving here as Esturday evening, and the laws of the State not permitting us to travel on the Sunday, has given me time to write to you from hence. I expect to be at Philadelphia by the 26th or 21st inst.

Mr. Jefferson seems to have been carly impressed with the idea that it was for the miterest of the people of the United States to settle in the Spanish territories adjacent to this country, as has been done in our time in the case of Fexas. In a letter to the member of his cabinet, in April, 1791, 17r. Jeffreson

ident (General Washington), while he was a sember of his cabinet, in April, 1791, Mr. Jefferson

Governor Quessidu, by order of his court, is indirectly the state of the court, is inwiting foreigners to go and settle in Fiorida. This
is meant for our people. Debtors take advantage of
it, and go off with their property. Our citizens
have a right to go where they please. It is the
business of the States to take measures to stop them
till their debts are paid. This done, I wish a bundred thousand of our inhabitants would accept their
invitation. It will be the means of delivering to us
peaceably what may otherwise cost us a war.

A considerable time previous to resigning his affice as Secretary of State in Washington's cabinet, Mr. Jefferson was much dissatisfied with the course of his colleagues in that cabinet, viz.: Hamilton, Knox and Edmund Randolph. In a letter to Mr. Madison, dated in May, 1793, he remarks:—

The Anglophobia has selzed violently on three members of our council. This sits almost every day on questions of neutrality. Hamilton produced the other day the draft of a letter from himself to the collectors of the customs, giving them in charge to watch over all the proceedings in their district, contrary to the laws of neutrality, &c. This was objected to for several reasons. Buildiph found out a bair to split, which, as always happens, became the

decision. Hamily is to write to the collectors of the customs, who are to convey the information to the atterney of the district, to whom Randelph is to write to receive their information, and proceed by indictment. Everything hangs upon the opinion of a single gersen, and that the most indecisive one I ever had to de basinces with. He always contrives to a ree in principle with one, but in conclusion with the other. Anglophobia, secret antigallomany a federalism entre, and a present-tens in his circumstances not usual, have decided the complexion of our dispositions, and our proceedings to wards the conspiritors against human liberty, and the asserters of it, which is unjustifiable in principle, in interest, and in respect to the wishes of our constituents. If any thing prevents its being a mere English neutrality, it will be that the peschant of the President is not that way, and above all, the ardent spirit of our constituents. The line is now drawn so clearly as to show on one side, First, the fashionable circles of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, an i Charleston (national aristocrats !) Second, Merchants, trading on British capital; Third, Paper men, (all the old tories are found in some of the three descriptions.) On the other side are—First, Merchants, trading on their own capital; Becond, Iriah merchants; Third, Tradesmen, mechanics, farmers, and every other possible description of our citizens. Genet (the French minister) is not yet arrived, though hourly expected.

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There is evidence in the correspondence before us, that Mr. Jefferson was not very strenuously opposed to some of the early measures of Washington's administration. He seems to have acquiesced in Hamilton's great measure of funding the State debts, passed by Congress in 1790. In a letter to Genyerneur Morris, who was then in Europe, Mr. Jefferson writes, under date of November 26, 1790, as follows:

Jefferson writes, under date of November 26, 1790, as follows:

It is not to be expected that our system of finance has met your approbation in all its parts. It has excited even here great opposition, and more especially that part of it which transferred the State debts to the general government. The States of Virginia and North Carolina are peculiarly disastisfied with this measure. I believe, however, that it is harped on by many to mask their disaffection to the government ou other grounds. Its great foe in Virginia is an implacable one. He avows it himself, but does not avow all his motives for it. The measures and tone of the government threaten abortion to some of his speculations; most particularly to that of the Yasoo territory. But it is too well nerved to be overawed by individual opposition. Our prospect is really a height one.

It is believed that Guoverneur Morris was particularly favorable to the funding of the State debts, and the assumption of the same by the general govern-

ler's favorable to the funding of the State debts, and the assumption of the same by the general government. Mr. Jefferson subsequently regretted that he had yielded his assent to the measure, at the solicitation of Hamilton.

The correspondence of Mr. Jefferson should be studied by all those who wish to understand the rise and progress of political parties in the United States, and the early measures of our government.

Farmon and Famins, by Mrs. Anne S. Stevens: Bunce and Brothers. This novel, the first sustained effort, we believe, of the editress of Peterson's Ladies' Magazine, and the authoress of many detached pieces that have appeared from time to time in that periodical, is unhered into the world with a sort of apologetic preface, which, on a perusal of its contents, we do not discover any necessity for. Mrs. Stephens to considerable literary cloverness unites a fertile imagination, and with these qualities she could not fail to produce an interesting and reada-

foliage. One was red as blood, and with a dash of the most vivid green sill keeping it hold cown as it its roots were nourshied in the metalitic soil of California, and its leaves dusted by the winds that drift up gold in the valley of Shoramento. These is superb trees blended and wove their ripe leaves together, now throwing out a wave of red. now a mass of gold, and here a tinge of green, in a splendid confusion.

All around, under these maples, the grass was littered with a fantassic carpet of leaves, showered down from their branches. They hung around the huge old illae bushes; they fluttered down to the rose thickets, and lay in patches of torn crimson and crumpled gold among the bouse-lecks and mosses on the roof.

In and out, through this shower of ripe leaves, fluttered the swallows; in and out, along the heavy branches, darted a pair of red squirrels, who owned a nest in one of the oldest and most stably trees; in and out, through the long, low kitchen, the parior, the panties, and the milk room, went and came our old friend, Mrs. Gray, the comely trees; in and out, through the long, low kitchen, the parior, the panties, and the milk room, went and came our old friend, Mrs. Gray, the comely trees; in and out, through the long, low kitchen, the parior, the parties, and strawberry patches; in short, running the long, low kitchen, along the come of the oldest and most tably trees; in and out, through the long to the long to the red to the layer of the parties, and strawberry patches; in short, running the red to the long t

and falling to the motion of her hands, and the soft gray hair underseash thehead hurriedly back of the ear on one side, where it had threatened to be in the way.

You should have seen her in that large, solint bottomed rocking chair, with a wooden how in her ospacious lap and a sharp ohopping haife in her right hand; with what a soft, easy motion the chopping knife fell! with what a quiet and smiling sirthedear old lady would take up a quantity of the powdered beef on the flat of her knife and observe, as it showered softly down to the tray sgain, that "meat chopped too fine for mines pica was sure poison." Then the laugh—the quiet, mellow chuckle with which she regarded the astoniaked look of the Irish girl, who could not understand the mystery of this ancient saying.

Yes, you should have seen Mrs. Gray at this very time in order to appreciate fully the perfections of an old fashioned New England housewife. They are departing from the land. Railroads and steamboats are sweeping them away. In a little time, providing our humble tale is not first sent to oblivion, this very description will have the diguity of an antique subject. Women who cook their own dinners and take care of the work hands are getting to be legendary even now.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY MAGARINE—The July number of this ably conducted periodical contains some of the heat narroes that, have as yet ameaned in it.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—The July number of this ably conducted periodical contains some of the best papers that have as yet appeared in it. Although the names of the authors are in accordance with an invariable rule of the publication withheld from us, the well known peculiarities of their different styles enables us at once to fix their paternity. Thus, for instance, in the quaint philosophy, pleasant irony, and emberant imagory of the article entitled "Sea from Shore," we recognize the sharp, incisive pen of the author of the "Potiphar Papers," wreathed for the nonce with garlands of flowers, and dipped in honey instead of gall. There is a vein of kindly indulgence for the foibles of humanity, and of charity for its graver faults, pervading its whole tone, which presents the mind of the writer under another and more pleasing phase, and proves the justice of the observation that like the surgeon who steels his nerves against the agonies that he is compelled to cause, but whose eyes grow moist at a tale of misery—the satirist who lashes with the greatest severity the follies and vices of mankind, may yet be the most sensible himself to the spectacle of human suffering. There is a good deal in the style of this article that reminds us of the quaint method of the older essaylsts, but its sentimentality is rendered piquant by the naturally caustic turn of the writer's mind. The following will show at once Mr. Carpis' newer of naturally caustic turn of the writer's mind. The following will show at once Mr. Cartis' power of

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Farmon and Farmann, and the authorese of Peterson's Bunce and Brothers. This novel, the first sustained effort, we believe, of the editrees of Peterson's Ladies' Magazine, and the authorese of many detached pieces that have appeared from time to time in that periodical, is undered into the would with a sort of spelogetic preface, which, on a permeal of its contents, we do not discover any necessity for. Mrs. Stephens to considerable literary eleveness unites a fertile imagination, and with these qualities abe could not fall to produce an interesting and readable tale. She seems to have in addition, an accordance of the indicrous, so that the personages of her plot assume something of the vitality of sokial portraits. Here, for instance, is a sketch that many will no doubt recognise:—

Amid all the varieties of architecture—Grecian, Gottle, Sues, Ohinees, and even Egyptian, to be met with on Long Island, there yet may be found some genuine old farms, with barries instead of earthing which we have bearts sometimes find them softened by these mounts of the contraints of the contrain

stood upon decks built as if for immense trade with all quarters of the globe. Generally there were only a few sloops moored to the tremendous posts, which I fancted could easily hold fast a Spanish Armada in a tropical hurricane. But sometimes a great ship, an East indiaman, came sailing up the harbor, slowly, lazily, with rusty, seamed, blistered sides, and dingy sails, with an air of indolent self-importance and consciousness of superiority, which inspired me with profound respect. If the ship had ever chanced to run down a rowboat or a sloop, or any specimen of smaller craft, I should only have wondered at the tenerity of any floating thing in crossing the path of such supreme majesty. The ship was chained and cabled to the old dock, and then came the disemboweiling.

How the stately monster had been fattened upon foreign spoils! How it had gorged itself (such galleons did never seem to me of the feminine gender) with the luscious treasures of the tropics! Lad such side in whole flowery harvest of tea. The equatorial sun flashed through the strong wicker prisons, bursting with banzasa and nectarean fruit that eschew the temperate zone. Steams of camphor, of sandal wood, arose from the hold. Sailers chanting cabalistic strains, that had to my ear a shrill and monotonous pathos, like the uniform rising and falling of an antuous wind, torned cranks that lifted the bales, and boxes, and crates, and swung them ashore. But to my mind the spell of their ringing raised the frigrant freight, and not the crank. Madagascar and Ceylon appeared at the mystic bidding of the song. The placid sunshine of the docks was perfumed with India. The universal caim of southern seas pourse from the bosom of the ship, over the quiet, half decaying old northern port. Long after the confusion of unloading was over, and the ship lay as if all voyages we ended, I dared to creep timorously along the ed. of the dock, and at great risk of falling in the black water of its huge shadow, I placed my nand upon the hot hulk, and so established

cool Hope, and the Happy Islands. I wond not believe that the heat I felt was of our northern sun; to my finer sympathy it burned with equatorial fervors.

The freight was piled in the old storas. I believe that many of them remain, but they have lost their character. When I knew them, not only was I younger, but partial decay had overtaken the town; at least the bulk of its India trade had shifted to New York and Boston. Pt the appliances remained. There was no throng of kinds trade had shifted to New York and Boston. Pt the appliances remained. There was no throng of kinds trade had shifted to New York and Boston. Pt the appliances remained. There was no throng of kinds trade had shifted to New York and Boston. Pt the appliance remained and the action of the door in the foreign it for the science dimness, and piles of foreign treasure. Vast coils of cable, like times boar constrictors, served as seats for men with large stomacks, and heavy watch seals, and nankeen trousers, who sat looking out of the door toward the ships, with little other sign of life than an occasional low kinding as if is their sleep. Hage housheads perspiring brown segar and oozing slow molasses, as if nething tropical could be kept within bounds, but must continually expand, and exude, and overflow, stood against the walls and had an architectural significance, for they darkly reminded me of Egyptian prints, and in the duskiness of the low vaulted store seemed cyclopean columns incomplete. Strange festoons and heaps of bags, square piles of square boxes cased in mate, bales of airy summer stuffs, which, even in winter, scoffed at cold, and shamed it by andsclous assumption of eternal sun, little specimen boxes of precious dyes, that even now shine through my memory, like whole Venetian schools unpainted—these were all there in rich confusion. The stores had a twilight of dimness, the air was apply with scores of mingled doors. I liked to look suddenly in from the glarc of smalight outside, and then the cool sweet dimness was like the pa

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in the clear June days, the bloom of these more than to meet pilling, patient as Stepping, powerful as a former of the control of the control

fancy, with every conceivable state of mind, plants and groups of plants ever awaken kindred feelings. There is a mysterious affinity between human consciouaness and outward nature, but still more mysterious is the varied manner in which this relation is meditied by individual feeling. The waving cornfield has its beauties, and so have long avenues of poplars, with vines hanging in rich festcome from tree to tree. Plains covered with crange groves and broken in by fertile alopes and vineyards, dense forests of gigantic and primeval grewth swarming with every variety of animal and vogetable life, these and counties other scenes find each its response in some train of human emotions and affections, which, like the lyre of Timotheus, they by turns excite and soothe. Each tree that we know has its own expression; it has winessed our joy or our grief, and whenever it meets our eye, it seems to murmur responses. So it is with larger groups. Here we see vast prairies with gently waving floods of verdure, full of grace and cheerfulness, there long sombre portiones of gnarled old stems, standing, as the cedare of Lebanon, like massive pillars, supporting their ponderous domes. Beautiful roses, with their shortlived flowers and hidden but permanent thorns, remind us of earthly pleasures—a forest, with its ellent temple of foliage, raised through canturies on gigantic trunks, high above man and full of peace and wajesty, fills us with religious awe, and makes us bow low and reverently before these visible tokens of the Creator's sublime power. Even the humblest of flowers bring with their sweet perfunerich blessings to the beart of him whose hand tends them with care. Where a flower opens its quiet, child-like eyes upon us, our passions fly like evil spirits, and he who delights in the still, humble growth of delicate plants. Is not apt to harbor coarse thoughts or flerce feelings. In the house around which we see a tidy, well kept garden, order and peace are apt to prevail, and where there is a flower stand outside there

good deal of dramatic force about it, and presents us with a laughable expose of the shifts to which

good deal of dramatic force about it, and presents is with a laughable exposé of the shifts to which men who live by their wits are occasionally driven. The following is a picture of the hero in one of his climaxes of embarrassment;—

Mynus, poor fellow, after his final resolve to cat literature, entered his shode in rather dull spirits. He stole up stairs, so that his landlord might not hear him, and advert to the unsettled account on the staircase, which event would be sure to listen at their doors. My nus was to a certain extent carcieus about heing dunned in private, but a public dan was more than he was accustomed to bear with equanimity.

He sat down at his table, and revolved his present position. It was by no means brilliant. One shilling and three-pence was not an immoderate capital to commence life over again with; and without capital what was to become of his invention?

"A curse on all publishers and capitalists," he muttered, jingling the one and three-pence in his left trousers pocket, the only one that had no holes in it. "They might have made a fortune out of me had they chosen. There were my collected tales which I offered to Plebbins, the best things of the kind ever published in this country, and he refused them, foreooth, because "the subjects were revolting." As if a publisher could tell whether a thing was revolting or not! Then there was my conance; 'The infernal Machine, or the Celestial Conjuer;' that was unsuited to publication, too, because the hero happened to be a cannibal, who eventually devours the young lady to whom he is attached. An idea in itself so original and striking that it would be the making of any book. The fact of it is, an original man has no chance in the world. 'Tis only your common place scribblers who get on—fellows who write wishy-washy domestic stories, with a pretty girl and good old man in each. These things sell. These go down; while the man who, like me, labors to produce an artistic and original work may starve! Oh! a curse on all publishers. Fill never wr

Write a line span as long as I live.

So saying, Mr. Bolsaatus seized a pen, dipped it in his ink-bottle, and commenced a three act comedy on the spot.

He had got to a very exciting situation in the first act, when his hero, having disguised himself in a bear's skin in order to carry out an intrigue, was seized by the keeper of a menagerie and locked up with other wild animals, he not daring to disclose his identity, for some reason that Mynus was just then trying to hit upon, when the dear of his room opened, and a deep bass voice cried,

"Mister Mynus!"

"Well!" said Mynus, doggedly.

"No. Roesttees."

"And the toes to his shoes?"

"Bread and round."

"Mr. Mynus," and here the door was epened wider, and a large, greasy faced man, with a infee days' heard, entered. "Mister Mynus. About that little bill. If you can settle it to-day! shall be gad, for I am short of money, and I must buy the stuff for I am short of money, and I must buy the stuff or I am short of money and I must buy the stuff for I am short of money and I must buy the stuff and large, greasy faced man, with a facing the dun. "It's no use coming to me now. I'm writing a play for Mr. Tiddlen of the Mulberry theatre, and he's to give me five hundred dollars for it when it's finished. I'll pay you then."

A sert of keen light glittered in the Jew's black eyes. He knew perfectly well that Mynus was telling a lie, but he gave no indication whatever of my consciousness about the matter beyond a thick, oliy grunt, which might be interpreted any way.

"Well, Mister Mynus," he said, "you know it's hard for a working man with a family to be kept out of his money, but still I'm unwilling to pressyou too hard. I'm sure you'd pay if you could. Now you might do me a service, sir, and if you would, why we could talk about the rent another time."

"Name it," cried Mynus, oatching eagerly at this straw.

"Why, sir, you see I'm not much given to walk-

"Name it," cried Mynus, catching eagerly at this straw.

"Why, sir, you see I'm not much given to walking of late. I'm getting into flesh, sir, and it tires me. Still I have to run about a great deal from theatre to theatre, and to carry a heavy bag with me to hold the dresses in. Now, sir, I thought, that you're a young, strong gentieman, and if you'd help me to carry the bag—"

"What," said Mynus, getting very red in the face, and starting from his chair at this indignity, "I carry your beg!"

"West, no offence, sir," interposed Mr. Isaacs, with a horrible Jewish leer on his tallowy face. "No offence. I would'nt have asked you, sir, only I thought you'd like the exercise. I'm going down to see Mr. Tideles, the gentleman wot has promised you five hundred dollars for the play you're writing, and I've no doubt, he'll recommend me some one who will carry the bag for me."

Mynus blushed scarlet. If Isaacs went to Tiddles, he'd ask him about the play, and Tiddles would, of course, say that he rever heard of such a man as Mynus in his life. It was very awkward.

"Stay—stay—don't be so hasty, Mr. Isaacs," stammered Bellsarius. "I didn't refuse altogether. I think I should like a little—exercise very well. Sedentary habits—my chest; yes! my chest wants expansion," and here he threw back his shoulders, as if he was trying to hit some one behind him with his elbows. "I've no doubt that carrying—your bag would be most beneficial to me. Is it heavy!"

"Lord bless yon, no, sir. A mere feather to a gentleman like yon. Quite an amusement, I may say. I'm going to the Bowery te-night with some armor for Richard the Third, and if ft's not inconvenient, why, you can come. There's capital fun behind the scenes sometimes, sir, just the thing for an edicated gent like you."

"I'll go," said Minus, faintly, yielding to the remorseless destiny that seemed to pursue him. "I'l go, isaacs; but—but—you needn't say who I am."

The poetry in this number has more of the sterling ring about it than usual. "The Jewish Cemetery at Newport" bea

at Newport" bears the impress of Longfeliow's genius, and "the Hymn to Air," attributed to Bayard Taylor, may be classed amongst the nos poetical efforts of that writer.

SINGULAR MENTAL PHENOMENON.—We have been informed of a very singular and unaccountable, though not unparalleled occurrence, which took place in the family of a gentleman connected with the legal profession in this city. Early in the morning, a day or two ago, before the family had risen, one of the children, a little boy, woke up, began clapping his hands, and crying "Johnny's dead!" Johnny's dead!" His parents supposed he had not yet awakened and was dreaming. But the boy continued crying "Johnny's dead!" The same morning intelligence reached the family of the death of a young lad named Johnny, who had lived in Charadon, and was a playmate and companion of the boy who had been so mysteriously impressed with his decease. Well authenticated cases of this kind Are of frequent occurrence, and have ever been stumbling blocks to the old philosophers. We leave our readers to account for those as they see fit.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

GOLD IN OHIO.—It is claimed that gold has been discovered in Richland county, Ohio. A gentieman just from the gold district showed the ecitor of the Sandusky Register some specimens of the shaining ore, lately taken out of the gulches near Belleville, which have every appearance of being pure gold, and it is so pronounced by actentific persons who have examined it. The quantities taken out are small—\$5 worth having been taken by two persons in one day, which is, so far, the best yield but it is add new placers are being discovered ally; and who knows but Belleville is the El Dorado! The ore is mixed with a flue black sand; as on the Pacific; and the rocking process is going on, à ta California. Much excitement prevails in the neighborhood of the "discinca"—there being about one hundred men engagen in digging the samming